

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. X.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1899.

NO. 6.

CITY DIRECTORY.

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City Treasurer—John A. Smith.
County Treasurer—Herbert Rice.
City Engineer—H. D. MILLER.
Police—J. W. BELL and H. E. WALL.
Supt. Electric Plant—T. W. WICKER.

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Hon. J. M. CRUTE, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. WATKINS, Commonwealth's Atty.
W. H. THACKSTON, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
E. J. WHITEHEAD, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
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Thomas J. GARDEN, Superintendent Schools.

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How a general banking business. Interest allowed on time deposits. Loans negotiated. Checks sold on all principalities and Collections made.

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE County of Prince Edward, on the 20th day of September, 1899:

W. B. Taylor for Plaintiff.
Kate Mosley's adm'r et al. Defendants.
The object of this suit is to subject a tract of land of three acres in Prince Edward County, of which Kate Mosley died seized, to the lien of a judgment. And an affidavit having been made and filed that the defendants, Kate Mosley, Florence Mosley and Paul Mosley are not residents of the State of Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here with a return day after due publication hereof, and do what may be necessary to protect their interest in this suit. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published once a week for four weeks in the Farmville Herald, and that a copy be posted at the front door of the courthouse of this county on the first day of the next term of the County Court.

A copy of the above order may be obtained of W. H. THACKSTON, Clerk.
S. P. Vanderslice, p. q. Oct. 6-18.

HAVE YOUR PRINTING DONE AT THE HERALD JOB OFFICE, FARMVILLE.

An Algonquin Legend

By Florence Wilkinson.

"IS NOT this life?" he thought, as he floated along a little Canadian stream, a few miles above its foaming shallow rapids.

He had two companions, one a young girl, olive-skinned and black-haired, the other an old woman, whose darker hue showed her to be of unmixed Indian blood.

"M. Villeauville," said Yvonne, "zaire coq, my grandmothere's house, at zait montague, far, far. See you zaire? Gardez! gardez!"

Her English was delicious, mixed as it was with French words and spoken with the Canadian-French accent. She spoke to him in English, except when she became much interested in the conversation, or when the theme taxed too heavily her slender vocabulary.

"Ze rivair she wind much, and I zink we shall haf a storm. And ze current is against us, M. Villeauville."

He glanced up at the sky where the clouds were gathering above the top of the Montague Range, dark, heavy clouds, through which the bent-lightning flashed fitfully.

"I do not fear ze storm, I," said Yvonne, "but look, grandmothere, wat was zait? Somezings wite ran past me, on ze rivair."

Grandmothere started, and looked about her uneasily.

"It was the moon's reflection in the stream, Mlle. Yvonne," said Willoughby.

From her place in the bottom of the boat grandmothere muttered an unintelligible something.

In the shadow of the first canoe old on almost noiselessly, when out of the silence a wall quivered in the air above their heads. Yvonne suppressed a cry of terror and crouched down low in the canoe. Willoughby himself was startled by a voice so human, so melancholy, sounding in that solitude.

"I believe it is a child crying!" he exclaimed. "Let us go to the shore."

"Non, non, navaire, monsieur," Yvonne's voice trembled, but she stepped the paddle with her hand as he began to reverse the canoe.

"Zaire was not ze place it sounded—it was above us. We will go on quick—quick!"

"It was a wild loon, perhaps, in passage," Willoughby said. "They have a human cry."

He was endeavoring to reassure himself as well as the others, for fear is somewhat contagious.

"It was not a loon, nor was it human," the old woman spoke out in French for the first time.

"Look there!" She pointed toward a bay of the river that ran up into a marshy meadow.

Willoughby looked, but in the twilight he saw nothing except the white mist slowly exhalant from the water and the flag-flowers along the meadow-edge.

"What is it?" he asked, his curiosity fairly aroused, for he perceived that it was something definite which his companion feared.

"Tell me, Mlle. Yvonne."

Silence met his question—the girl putting her finger to her lips with the gesture of one who dares not speak. Willoughby's vision became preternaturally acute as the weirdness of the situation impressed itself upon him.

Watching the dusky shore past which they were closely skimming, he observed a slight, sinuous motion among the reeds of the margin, and then something slid suddenly in front of the canoe.

"It is she!" the girl cried, suddenly bowing her head forward upon grandmothere's knees.

"La Jongleuse! She is following us to-night."

"Hush! do not speak her name," said grandmothere's husky voice, "or one of us will be taken."

Again Willoughby asked, and more earnestly, for an explanation.

"I will tell you, Monsieur Villeauville; but it is somezings you vill not like of hearing."

Then she continued rapidly in French, giving her version, somewhat modified, of the old legend current 200 years ago among the Algonquins and still preserved in tradition among the seignories of Riviere-Quel.

"She comes at twilight, when the white mists rise from the streams; when the whistling cries among the grasses, then her voice is heard quivering and moaning like a lost child in the lonely marshes. She treads softly on the white, spongy moss, and where her footprints are she leaves behind her little pools of water. One cannot see her, M. Villeauville, No, no. But one can see the rushes moving where she walks at twilight, for she gathers the pale-purple sticky flag-flowers for her hair. Her hair is long and waves in the breeze. Sometimes one feels it brush the cheek, like the touch of a dank waterweed. Evil—evil for one whom she touches, monsieur."

"Where the alders droop and dip she loves to go and there she sits and swings her feet in the water, and the cold low fog rises about her. The air-floats whistles in the woods. It is a warning. But the belated fisherman hears the splashing of her feet and thinks the trout are leaping where the current is swift in the deep pool. He pushes his canoe under the low-hanging branches, and next morning one finds it empty."

"One can never see her, but sometimes her long robe, which is the color of evening, leaves a trail of little stars behind it, pale and yellow, among the sedges, or a sheet of bluish light on the water where the sun is like cream and the blue-winged dragonfly darts. Then we know she has been there, the Jongleuse."

"Her eyes are blue, blue like the flag-flowers she twines in her hair, and her lips are smiling always. She has many voices, like the wind in the firs, sighing, sighing; like the water on the shore, gurgling, plashing; like the little frogs that pipe in the spring; like the grasshoppers, crackling, chirping; like the little cricket, lonely, clapping; and sometimes you can hear her moan around the gray eaves of an empty house, when the dead trees break and fall on windy autumn evenings, and the long mosses swing like an old man's beard from the decaying hemlock."

There were two hours more of paddling, but hardly a word was spoken. Grandmothere's head had sunk upon her breast. Yvonne's gaze was fixed earnestly upon the young man's face, as if she found strength there. Willoughby, watching the prow as he sent it shooting through the water, had ever before his eyes the vague, mysterious image of the Lady of the Flag-Flowers.

They approached the hill-side on which stood grandmothere's little white house. The storm that had been threatening for so long, seemed almost ready to burst above their heads.

"It is near midnight," said Willoughby, as he turned the canoe toward the shore.

Then, by a sudden impulse, he leaned toward Yvonne.

"You have not told me the name of La Jongleuse, Yvonne!"

"Non, non, for it is ze bad fortune to speak it."

"Nothing will harm you now, my child," he answered, as he sprang from the boat and pulled it up on shore.

"If one speak her name and the hour comes midnight, then she will appear, and if she will appear it be a sign of death."

He held out his hand to guide her to the bank, and when he felt her fingers within his own, a masterful desire grew strong in him. His persuasion could conquer her fear.

"Yvonne, tell me her name,"

He put his arm about her to steady her as she wavered at his side.

"I shall tell nothing harm you," and he tightened his clasp of her hand.

M. Villeauville, yv make you me to speak? Her name, it es Matsi Skeou," the young girl whispered. Her face, raised to his, was illuminated by a flash of lightning.

Yvonne laid a hand upon her shoulder, but the old woman did not raise her head.

"Grandmothere!" she cried, looking down into her face. Then: "Malheur! Elle est morte, morte!" she shrieked. "La Jongleuse, la Jongleuse!"

It was true. The old woman was dead. Willoughby carried the burden to the house, where the husband and a married daughter awaited them.

He felt conscious-stricken. He knew that Yvonne would regard him as responsible for the calamity. Perhaps the superstition had laid hold a little on him. At any rate, he sincerely repented that he had made the young girl speak the dreaded name.

"What would you like to have me do?" he asked her after the grandmothere's body had been tenderly laid upon a bed.

"Shall I go for a priest?"

"Yes, M. Villeauville; if you could be so good."

He ran down to the shore again, in the gathering storm. As he stooped over the canoe he heard light steps behind him on the grass. It had been an uneasy experience even for Willoughby, the night, the storm, the mysterious glimpses of a strange and solitary creature, the weird tale of Indian superstition, the dead woman, who had stirred not in the canoe, Yvonne's cry: "La Jongleuse, la Jongleuse!"—no wonder that he started when he heard the unexpected sound behind him.

No wonder that a wild fancy made his heart beat quick. A slight figure stood beside him. Yvonne's voice spoke:

"M. Villeauville, I would not zait you returns to ze village. Ze times es too, too malheureux. M. Villeauville, tell me true, true."

The young girl stepped up to him and laid her two hands lightly, one on each of his shoulders.

"Had you not fear zees momante? Hat you not ven you hear my stepping zink on ze Jongleuse?"

Willoughby laughed.

"Zen you vill not go. It es ver bad sign ven one has her in ze mind."

Willoughby felt himself swayed by the force of the young girl's will. He also felt himself swayed by a contrary force compelling him to go, as if in some way his decision imported much to him. The Lady of the Flag-Flowers had cast her spell over him. Would she conquer? Would he yield?

"Grandmothere es dead. Ze priest, he may come in ze morning. I vill be content to wait."

Willoughby turned the boat upside down upon the shore, and started back toward the house with Yvonne. A long, low cry came waveringly from the stream, and a cold touch was laid upon his forehead. He raised his hand to brush it away, but his hand met only the empty air.

A little winding path led through the trees to the house. It was very dark, and the branches which they divided across their path sprang back again behind them with snaps and crackles.

Willoughby thought he heard little movements, now on this side, now on that, sometimes in front, sometimes behind.

"Yvonne, are there three of us here?"

The girl disengaged her hand from his arm, and with an inarticulate scream, flung from him through the trees and vanished.

Then came a voice to Willoughby, low and flute-like, whether from above, from beside or from within, he could not distinguish.

LIVELY BEAR CHASE.

Bruin escapes from a Park Cage and Causes a Panic.

When the Hose Was Turned on Him to Give Him a Bath He Got Indignant and Broke Through the Iron Bars.

Park officials, a squad of police and a score of citizens engaged in a wild bear hunt in Lincoln park the other day, says the Chicago Evening Post. Enraged at the attempt of the attendants to give him a bath by turning the hose on him, the animal broke the iron bar of his cage and tore wildly through the park, destroying landscape gardening and driving crowds of people in every direction in a frenzy of fright.

After an hour's chase, led by Animal Keeper De Vry and his assistants and the park mounted police, bruin was surrounded and forced into captivity. The hunt, while it lasted, was full of excitement at each appearance of the enraged animal on the drives. Cyclists were upset in a mad rush for safety, horses were frightened, nurse girls with their infant charges ran from the hunt in terror and the wildest confusion prevailed in that portion of the park covered by the chase.

The bear was recently purchased from the gypsies at Forty-seventh street and Western avenue. He stands three feet high and is rough-coated and ill-tempered. Early in the morning the animal was officially installed in his "zoo" with a huge grizzly for his companion in captivity. Keeper De Vry at once noted the fact that bruin brought with him considerable of the uncleanliness of his former owners and ordered the attendants to turn the hose on him.

The force of the stream enraged the bear, which climbed upon the iron rail surrounding its cell and with a single stroke of its paw broke a thick iron picket and succeeded in making its escape over some bowlders. An alarm was given immediately, but before the enraged animal could be surrounded he jumped into a water channel adjoining the "zoo," swam across and headed north through the beautiful flower beds. Keeper De Vry summoned the mounted police and the chase began.

After running two blocks in the flower beds bruin turned into the bicycle track and dashed down the path amid the shrieks of women cyclists. Several men leaped from their wheels and climbed trees.

Crossing a drive north of the lily pond the animal suddenly broke in upon the early morning meditations of Park Commissioner Joseph Duntan, who was driving past. The red running gear of the commissioner's turnout increased the fury of the animal's mad rush and Commissioner Duntan was forced to seek safety in the speed of his horse.

Farther on the bear crossed the path of Dr. Woodworth, president of the park board. Indignant at the unseemly spectacle of a bear hunt amid the early landscape gardening of Lincoln park, the doctor forgot all about his sick calls and with his driver promptly joined the chase.

At Fullerton avenue the animal turned west, but had not gone far when Steve Johns, a gypsy and former keeper of the bear, confronted it. Johns was armed with a pair of steel prongs, and he quickly subdued the enraged brute. After being captured its paws were securely tied and it was loaded into a wagon and again placed in confinement.

It is well known that missionaries in China do a great deal in the way of alleviating suffering among those who cannot obtain the services of a doctor. Quite recently a Chinaman lost his sight and some sympathetic neighbors came and enlisted the services of the local missionary on his behalf. The missionary found his patient suffering from catarrh and succeeded in removing it and restoring sight to the Chinaman. The obliging neighbors then, however, represented to the missionary that he had robbed the man of the means of earning his living (he was a "blind" beggar), and that in future he would be expected to take him into his service and keep him.

An Accommodating Couple.

The most accommodating people in the world live at Hutchinson, Kan. A young couple down there got up at midnight and were married a week ahead of the announced time, in order to accommodate some friends who had been suddenly called away, and who didn't want to miss seeing the wedding.

A British Boy of Bulk.

At Dearham, near Mayport, the winner of the belt awarded for wrestling by youths under 16 by the Northern Counties Wrestling association was J. Tunstall, of Great Broughton, who is only 12 years of age, stands over six feet in height and weighs about 12 stone (168 pounds).

A DRUMMER'S EXPERIENCE.

Lost a Customer by Refusing to Drink, But Saved His House from Heavy Loss.

For 18 years I was a drummer. My territory was in all of the southern states, and I traveled through them all. In one of the largest cities in these states I had a good customer to whom I sold many large bills. The buyer of this house was a man who drank regularly and very often.

On one trip I went in to see this buyer, and he sent the stock clerk to see how many cases of my goods were needed. When told, he ran his arm in mine and walked out of the office and up the street to an alley (talking all the time about business), and then down the alley to the back door of a barroom. When he struck the alley I saw his object, and said: "If the Lord will help me now, I will not break my rule." When we got within ten feet of the door of the accursed hole I stopped, and, looking at my customer (for he certainly was not my friend), I said: "I don't drink anything; no use my going in there." He looked at me, and said: "Come on and take a drink." I replied: "No, I don't drink." "Take a cigar, then." "No, I don't go in barrooms at all." He stopped and looked me squarely in the face, and took his arm out of mine, and went. The man came out, and we walked back to his office, but he didn't arm me back nor speak a word to me. When we got into the office again I took out my order book as though nothing had happened, and said, politely: "How many cases shall I put down?" "None," said he: "I don't want any." I answered: "All right, sir; we have a surplus on hand at all times, and when you want any of our goods we will be pleased to have your order," and bade him good day. This was Saturday. I remained over in the city until Monday. Sunday morning I went to church, as was my habit, and when the collection was taken up who should I see passing the plate my way but this buyer whom I had offended the day before. I don't know whether he recognized me or not, but I knew him, and was told that he had been an officer in that church 20 years.

Now for the application. This man of whom I speak was a full partner in the house, which was run at \$200,000. I lost the custom of this house. I lost in about two years after this for over \$500,000, but did not get my house for a cent. Since that time this man has gone down the hill, until to-day he is a complete whisky wreck. He is very poor, and has but few of the necessities of life, and has to work very hard to make both ends meet. His head is now white, and his steps feeble and tottering. I never see that man that this incident doesn't come up in my mind. My employer commended me for what I did, and retained me in his service for 13 years. If it had not been for whisky this man would be well to-day, and have plenty to start all his children and grandchildren in life.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

Drunk buries sorrow that rises increased to morrow.

Drunk is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

Saloons are sin and disease breeders, but, while our board of health tacks up notices of contagious disease the board of excise tacks up a license to sell drunkenness.—The Editor.

"Christendom is saloonism, and 95 per cent. of male church members are on the pay roll of the drink—its gaugers, collectors, store-keepers or silence-keepers."—John G. Wooley.

Over one million of the best of God's creatures entered upon the alcoholic short-line road to the pit in the last ten years. The road is still open with over 200,000 depots in the United States.—Union Gospel News.

The late Lord Derby, in estimating the political forces in the country, once said: "Nothing could be more foolish than to estimate the power of temperance reformers by their numerical strength, as they are moral reformers, whose earnestness and enthusiasm cannot be tabulated by figures."

Acting under orders from Mayor Martin, City Marshal Locke, of Concord, N. H., has closed every saloon in the place. The mayor has stated emphatically that he proposes to enforce the law, and this order, which includes the hotels of the city as well as the saloons, is therefore permanent.—Christian Work.

Stop Cigarette Making.

At the twenty-sixth national convention of Charities and Corrections, held in Cincinnati a few days since, an address was made by George Torrence, of Pontiac, Ill., superintendent of the state reformatory, on "The Relation of the Cigarette to Crime." After reciting his own experience with boys coming to his institution, Mr. Torrence said: "I am sure cigarettes are destroying and making criminals of more of them than the saloons." In his reformatory there are 218 boys. Of 63, averaging 12 years of age, 58 were cigarette smokers. Of 123, averaging 14 years of age, 123 were cigarette smokers. Of 82, averaging 15 years, 72 were cigarette smokers. This demonstrates that 92 per cent. of the whole number were cigarette fiends at the time of committing crimes for which they were committed to the reformatory. The general discussion developed a similar experience with others connected with reformatories for boys.—Presbyterian.

Protest Against Drink Evil.

Delegates of the Dutch Reformed church assembled in Pretoria, South Africa, for the purpose of protesting against the drink evil, which was declared to be undermining the national character, and affecting Boers as well as natives. A deputation afterwards waited upon the president and urged the strict enforcement of the law.



ROAD IMPROVEMENT.
WIRE FENCE POSTS.
How a Swivel May Be Used to Tighten Things Up If the Brace Gets a Trifle Slack.

John G. Sigler, of Balleysville, Kan., has devised and tried with gratifying success a method of bracing a wire fence post. After a year's experience he considers it a substantial and economical device. If properly put in, he says, it will last for a lifetime. Mr. Sigler does not aim to take out a patent on this system, but contributes it for the benefit of our readers.

It may be remarked at the outset that he puts his end, or corner, post down three feet into the ground, but the

other posts only two feet. The drawing shows his plan admirably. The brace post, A, is set into a notch in the upright. Although it rests on the big flat stone, B, it is not necessary that the latter should be notched, too. A horizontal hole is bored near the lower end of the brace post to admit a long bolt, connecting with a swivel, C, whose size is exaggerated in the drawing purposely, to bring it out more distinctly.

An ordinary galvanized wire, D, connects the swivel with the upright corner post. The swivel is screw-threaded at one end—that toward the upright post. Turning it in one direction or the other tightens or loosens the wire, and sets the brace up more or less firmly.—N. Y. Tribune.

STRONG POST PULLER.

With It Two Men Pulled Out Fifty-Two Stubbish Posts in Less Than One Hour.

I had a lot of posts to pull out, and I invented the device shown in sketch—a lever, fulcrum and chain—made of such material as I could find lying around. With this device my hired hand and I pulled out 52 posts in less than an hour. The lever (B) is made out of an old sully plow tongue, about nine feet long. Fourteen inches from the large end I bored a five-eighth hole for the

fulcrum. A hook, shown at 2, was bolted on top end of lever, with two three-eighth bolts, the hook projecting over the end to catch in links of chain. I use an ordinary log chain with hook on end. The fulcrum is made of three pieces spiked together, the center piece two feet eight inches long and thick enough to allow the lever to move easily between the two outside pieces, which are six inches longer, and project above the center piece that much. These outside pieces are one and one-half by four inches. Bore the five-eighth hole through these projecting outside pieces about one and one-half inches from the top. Put in the lever, run a bolt through, and the puller is ready for business. I pulled up some old barn-shed posts with this device that I could not move with two horses and chain. This device is not patented.—S. L. Snyder, in Ohio Farmer.

Weeding Rye from Wheat.

The wheat-growing farmer dislikes much to cultivate rye because wherever grown on the same farm some of the rye will find its way through straw or manure to the fields where the wheat is grown. It is not a difficult matter to separate the two grains as they grow in the field together. The rye heads out several days earlier than the wheat, and it sprouts a foot or more higher, making it very conspicuous. It is an easy matter to go through the field with a pair of shears and clip off all the rye heads, cutting down low enough to reach those that are behind in growth. Wheat that is free from rye is worth several cents more per bushel, and, of course, wheat free from rye should always be used for seed.

Fungi Destroying Trees.

It is not only cultivated plants and trees which are subject to destruction from insects and diseases. Some of the fungi which attack the southern species of pines are causing great damage among these trees. One of these kinds of fungi attacks only the older trees, entering through a knot, and causing disintegration of the heartwood, and eating it full of holes. Another fungus enters the tree through the roots, passing up into the trunk and destroying it.

Would You Be Willing?

Would you be willing to have the public judge